DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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MASTER MONTEZUMA.

With Illustrations copied from Mexican Hieroglyphics.

BY C. C. HASKINS.

[NOTE.—Montezuma II., the last of the Aztec (or native Mexican) emperors, was born about 1480. He was taken prisoner by Hernando Cortes, the commander of the Spanish army which conquered Mexico, and, in the hope of quelling an insurrection which had arisen among his former subjects, he consented to address them from the walls of his prison. Stung by the apparent desertion of their leader to the cause of the enemy, the Mexicans assaulted him with stones and other missiles. He was struck on the temple by one of the stones, and died from the effects in a few days. The illustrations are true copies of old Mexican pictures which appeared originally in the "Collection of Mendoza," a work frequently referred to by all writers on ancient Mexico.—C. C. H.

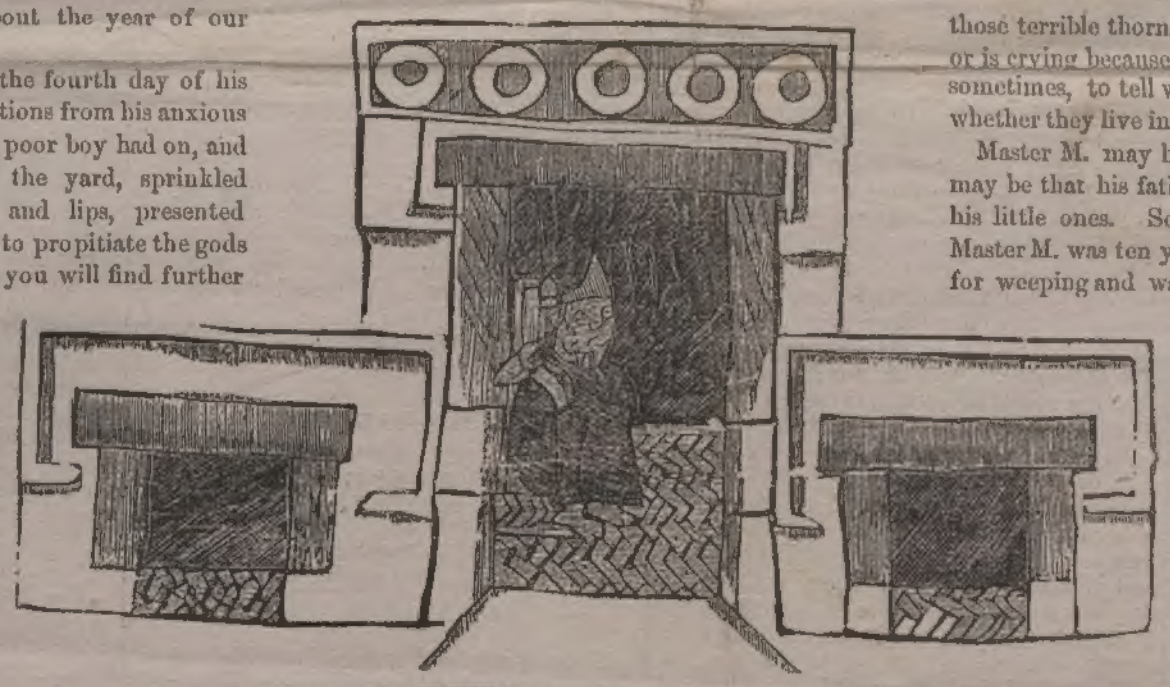
MASTER MONTEZUMA IS TAUGHT HOW TO FISH.

CARRYING THE BRIDE.

The Emperor Montezuma was a great man, and historians have recorded much about him, but of his earlier life, when he was plain Master Montezuma, comparatively little is known of this rising young gentleman.

Master M. commenced his earthly career as a crying baby, in the year "one cane," which, when properly figured down according to the Gregorian calendar, would be about the year of our Lord 1480.

No sooner had Master M. reached the fourth day of his existence, than the nurse, under instructions from his anxious mamma, took off what few clothes the poor boy had on, and repairing to the baptismal font in the yard, sprinkled cold water upon his naked breast and lips, presented his credentials in the shape of offerings to propitiate the gods of war, agriculture, &c., whose names you will find further along in this history, repeated a prayer in which "the Lord was implored to wash away the sin that was given him before the foundation of the world, so that the child might be born anew," and told the three little boys who sat near by what Master M.'s name was to be. The three little boys left off eating their parched corn and boiled beans, repeated the name, and the little baby was christened.



THE EMPEROR MONTEZUMA, SEATED IN THE ROYAL HALLS.

Now, if Master M. had been a girl—which he was not—the offerings would have been a mat, a spinning machine and a broom, all of which would have been buried under the *metate*, the stone where corn was ground. As it was the offerings were implements of war, articles of metal, pottery, &c., and these were buried, as near as they could guess at the location, where they either hoped or feared there might some day be a battle with their enemies. When Master M. had eaten, and slept, and kicked, and cried for sixteen days longer, his parents took him to the priest, and to the teacher, and promised that he should be instructed by these worthy gentlemen in war, politics, religion, and other branches of general education. They promised that he should be an Alfalqui, or priest, and should also serve in the army as a soldier. In that little, wiggling baby, that seemed all fists and mouth, it was impossible to foresee the future Emperor of Mexico, whose name has since become familiar to the civilized world.

MASTER MONTEZUMA MUST BE PUNISHED.

Young Master M. worried along pretty well, and up to six years of age he had done nothing remarkable. At this age he was granted one and one-half rolls at a meal, and commenced doing little errands and picking up scattered beans and corn in the Tianquez, which is what the Mexicans called the market-place.

The restless spirit of a military chieftain now began to show itself in the embryo warrior, and, by the time he had reached his eighth year, discipline became necessary to curb his growing inclination to despotism. He was fast becoming one of that class of boys who think "it's too bad to be good all the time." In the second picture see the scalding tears! Whether Master M. is sorry that he has done wrong, or whether he only fears being pricked with those terrible thorns of the aloe with which he is threatened, or is crying because he is cold, who shall tell? It is hard, sometimes, to tell what eight-year-old boys are crying for, whether they live in the United States, Canada, or in Mexico.

Master M. may have been better than most boys, and it may be that his father was a better driver than leader for his little ones. Some fathers are. In any event, when Master M. was ten years old there came another opportunity for weeping and wailing, and Master M. was submitted to the mortification of lying on the damp ground all day while he listened to a parental lecture; and this, too, after he was twelve years old!

Then Master M. reformed, and became an industrious, faithful boy. I have sometimes questioned whether he wasn't hungry, and if he had been better fed whether he would not have done better. At fourteen years of age they gave him two rolls at a meal, and he was instructed in the art of fishing with a net. You can tell how old the boy is by the number of round marks in the picture, and the person who is speaking is denoted by a tongue in front of the mouth.

When his fifteenth year came, Master M. found he would have plenty to do. After this, old Mr. M. had no trouble with him. It is curious—the more we have to do, the less

MASTER MONTEZUMA IS TALKED TO BY HIS FATHER.

liable we are to do something we should not, and—let us all study on that half an hour, some day, and see what we can make of it.

He had two teachers, the priest and the military professor. It seemed as if everything was to be learned. There was arithmetic, he learned to make figures. A round, blue dot stands for one. Five of them make five, and 00000-0 (five and one) is six, and in that way it runs up to ten. If he wanted to say "twenty" he made a flag, and for forty he made two flags.

Just imagine such a multiplication table as this: Five times four is one flag. Flag times flag is one plume. Flag times plume is one purse! Let's see; a purse, then, would equal 8,000. Yes, and if he wanted to write 4,000 he would draw only half a purse. All the examples in their arithmetic were worked by such tables as these.

Then there were lessons in time. He had to learn that five days make a week, four weeks make a month, and eighteen months make a year; and as all that footed up only three hundred and sixty days, they threw in what they called the five unlucky days that belonged to no month, to fill up before they commenced a new year. And then he found another arrangement for doing what we do with our leap-year, for, once in fifty-two years they put in twelve and one-half extra days, which is something like setting the clock ahead when you find it is too slow by the town bell or the fire alarm.

He learned that this kind of calendar had been in use a long time, and was the result of careful study and calculation by the wise priests of the olden times; and, when he wanted to know how long, he counted up the bundles of reeds which represented centuries, and found that it had been in use over four hundred years. And all this, you must remember, was before San Salvador was discovered by Columbus. Then he had to study all about the naming of the years and the cycles. How, if this year was "one rabbit," next year would be "two cane," the third "three flint," the next "four house," and these four elements, representing air, water, fire, earth, would be thus repeated up to thirteen, and then they would commence at one again, so that the fourteenth year would be "one cane," &c., and in four of these cycles of thirteen they would reach a cycle of fifty-two years, or, as they called it, a "bundle," and as the twelve and one-half days additional would end one cycle of fifty-two years, at midday, and the next at midnight, they bundled two of these together and called it "an old age." The number fifty-two was an unlucky number, and these old Mexicans believed that at the end of a cycle of that number of years, at some time, the world would be depopulated, the sun put out, and, after death and darkness had reigned awhile, it would all begin afresh with a new race of people.

So, when a cycle or bundle was completed, all fires were extinguished and not rekindled during the five unlucky days. Household goods, which could no longer be of any service, dishes, household articles, etc., were broken; every one gave up all hope, and abandoned himself to despair while awaiting the expected ruin.

On the evening of the fifth day of sorrow, the priest gathered the people together in a procession and marched to a temple, about two leagues from the city. Here they would sit like bumps on a log until midnight, and then, when the constellation which we call the Pleiades came exactly overhead, the danger was over. Two sticks were rubbed together over the breast of a captive who had been selected for the sacrifice, until fire was produced by the friction, the funeral pile was lighted, the body burned, and messengers, many of whom could run long distances at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour, would light their torches and spread the joyful news of danger averted, while carrying the "new fire" into all parts of the empire. Then would follow a regular old-fashioned frolic, something like a centennial—a jollification few had ever seen and most would see but once in a lifetime. There must be no drunkenness, however; this was a high crime, in some instances punished by death. If the intemperate party, man or woman, was over seventy years of age, however, no notice was taken of it—they were old, and had rights and privileges not granted to younger members of the community.

Master M. had much to learn about deities. At the head of these stood one, infinite, supreme ruler, the "unknown God," and next beneath him came Tezcatlipoca, the "son of the world," supposed to be the creator of the earth. Huitzilopotchli was the god of war, a sort of Mars, but with very much more name. Then there was a god of air, Quetzatcoatl, who controlled vegetation, metals, and the politics of the country. Here is something Master M. was taught to believe of him:

When this god, whom we will call Q., was on earth, vegetation was so wonderfully prolific that a single ear of corn was all a man could carry. Everything the people needed grew spontaneously. Cotton grew more beautifully tinted than the dyers of the present time could color it. Richest perfumes loaded temperate breezes, and everywhere the gaudiest-colored birds filled the air with most entrancing harmonies. Q. had some little difficulty, however, with the rest of the gods, and was obliged to leave his little paradise. When he embarked in his wizard snake-skin canoe on the shore of the gulf, he told his friends that his descendants would one day return and bless the land as he had done, and that they would be like him—tall, fine looking, with dark hair, white skins and flowing beards. Alas! this belief was in no small degree the cause of their ruin; for the invading Spaniards quite nearly answered this description of Q.'s descendants.

There were thirteen of the principal deities, as Master M. learned, each of whom required sacrifices more or less horrible. For instance there was the "soul of the world," I forget his other name. He must be propitiated now and then. A year before the fatal day, a tall, beautiful, well-formed, unblemished captive was selected to play the part of his god for one year. He must have all these qualifications to make the resemblance as perfect as possible. He was now treated as a god. Everything he could wish, everything it was thought could possibly conduce to his pleasure, comfort, or happiness, was furnished without stint. He slept on the softest of couches in the most gorgeous of chambers; his raiment was profuse and expensive, and the whole surroundings were, as far as possible, in keeping with his high and holy estate. Birds and music, flowers and rare perfumes pleased every sense, and everything, save liberty, was his. This happy-go-lucky sort of life continued until the day fixed for the sacrifice. Then joy gave way to sadness, pain, death! Stripped of his costly raiment, he was taken by a procession of priests to a royal barge, thence across a lake to a temple about a league from the city, where, as he mounted the weary steps of a huge edifice, he flung aside the garlands of flowers and broke the musical instruments which had been a joy to him in his past days. At the summit of the temple, in full view of the assembled multitude below, he was barbarously put to death by a priest, in order to propitiate the cruel god to whom the temple was dedicated. And Master M. was taught that the moral of all this savagery was, that human joys are transitory, and the partition between sorrow and happiness is a very thin one, or words to that effect.

Master M. learned that there were many other inferior gods, each of which had festivals, sacrifices, &c., proportioned to his rank and power; that nearly every hour of the day was dedicated to some god or other; but I cannot tell you all he learned of these strange deities.

He studied the history of the temples, and learned why they were four or five stories high with the stairs on the outside, and why he had to go entirely round the temple to find the next flight of stairs as he went up and down; and why each story was smaller than the next lower, and learned that some of these buildings were over one hundred feet square and as many feet high, and had towers forty or fifty feet high on their summits; and all about the everlasting fire which burned on the tops of these temples, and that there were so many of these that the whole country for miles round was always brilliantly illuminated.

I must pass over a long period in the life of Master M. with the mere remark that he graduated in both his military and religious classes with the highest honors, and acquitted himself to the most perfect satisfaction of both the alfalqui, or priest, and the teachcauhs, which is nearly the same as our word teachers.

Master M. had, for a long time, cherished a hope that some day he might press the throne as king of Mexico. So, like the Yorkshire lad who begged salt of a stranger eating eggs near him, so as to have the salt ready in case any one should ask him to accept an egg, he prepared himself fully for the possible emergency, and became not only a military general, but a leading alfalqui.

And then he married. I have not room to give you the whole picture, but here is the way it was done.

A lady whose position in society required her to negotiate the match, having previously made all the necessary arrangements, one evening hoisted the happy damsel on her back, and accompanied by four young women (I have drawn only one) each bearing a torch, headed the joyous procession and marched to the house of Master M., where she dropped her cargo of precious humanity. Then the alfalqui asked them if they were mutually agreed on matrimony, and of course they said "yes," when he proceeded to tie their clothes together. Then two old patriarchs and two good old grandmothers (one of each of which I have copied for you) delivered little sermons, suited to the occasion. The new couple walked seven times round a blazing fire, partook of a feast with their friends, heard a final sort of a "ninety-ninthly, and to conclude" parting word from the four old people, and then, just as all married people do, went to housekeeping, and having their own way as much as possible. One thing they could not do. There was no law of divorce to appeal to then; death was the only judge who could entertain the question of separation.

Master M. will now disappear, to re-appear as the Emperor. In the year "ten rabbits," or A.D. 1502, the monarch died, and the electoral college selected Master M. to supply his place. In the household of each monarch there was an electoral board of four nobles, whose duty it was, on the death of the ruler, to elect his successor from among the sons and nephews of the crown. Having done this, and so notified the successor, they selected four nobles to fill their own places, and vacated their electoral chairs. Master M. when waited upon to be notified of his election to fill his uncle's place, was very busy sweeping down the stairs in the great temple dedicated to the god of war!

Four years after becoming emperor, Montezuma, to appease the gods, made a sacrifice of a young gentleman captive by transfixing him with arrows. This, you see, was in the year "one rabbit." It is recorded that in this year the rats overran the country so completely that the inhabitants had to stand guard at night with blazing torches to prevent their devouring the grain sown in the fields.

With the last picture I take pleasure in introducing you to Master M. in his new position as Emperor of Mexico, seated in the royal halls.

For further particulars, read "The Conquest of Mexico," by Prescott.

JOE'S PARTNER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BABES IN THE BASKET," &c.

(National Temperance Society, New York.)

CHAPTER VIII.—THE BUSINESS OF THE FIRM.

Four years had passed quickly away. Ben White was at home for a college vacation. At his father's country-seat near a pretty Northern village, he was established, as happy a fellow as ever a glad parent was privileged to welcome.

It was Sunday morning. The first bell for church was ringing cheerily. After a rapid walk, Mr. White and Ben were almost in the shadow of the slender spire.

"We are a little early, after all," said Ben; "suppose we sit down awhile, here under the elm. How many good times I've had on this old seat!"

On the broad bench they all sat down. There were three in their little party. Ben had brought home a classmate with him, not one of his special intimate friends, but a poor lad from a far-away home, whom Ben had been afraid to trust to the chance companions and occupations of a collegiate town in vacation. Ben had found him sinking into dissipation, and had given him a friendly right hand to draw him toward better things. Now with a promise of riding, fishing and hunting enough to satisfy anybody, he had attracted his guest, resolved to spend his own vacation to get his young classmate steadily walking in a safe path.

"There's a funny sight!" said the visitor; "just look at that queer little freckled-faced man, with a high hat on, and his tall wife taking his arm as if he were a king. Why, there isn't a ruffle or a wrinkle on her clean calico dress; she must have ironed it Sunday morning. And just see that little couple behind, aping the father and mother, taking arms, too! That tall, round-faced girl is a perfect picture, and the boy, he holds himself like an officer. He really looks quite martial. I am almost afraid of him!"

This silly speech did not provoke the expected laughter.

"I reverence that woman," said Mr. White soberly, "and that little man, he gave me once a lesson which I trust I shall never forget all the days of my life."

Ben did not stay to hear his father tell Harry Barber's story to the young visitor.

"How are you, partner!" cried Ben, as he gave Joe such a shake of the hand as almost made him scream in the midst of his joy. Ben had been first in gymnastics the last term, and his grip was like a blacksmith's.

Such warm greetings as were exchanged! Such a smiling and shaking of hands!

When this was all over, Joe said with a significant glance at the visitor, "You brought him down with you."

"Yes, we must keep him out of mischief," was the answer; "and your boy, Joe, the big butcher's lad, how does he come on?"

"First rate," said Joe, eagerly; "you'll see him this morning, in the second pew from the door. We are going to sit there with him. He's as steady as—as steady as you, partner," concluded Joe with a smile.

"Then the business goes on well," said Ben. "Tell him I've brought down a lot of nice books with me, and one, all about mutton and beef and poultry, I'll make him a present of. Mind you don't forget that. Good-bye. I'll see you in the morning, at the store. Good-bye."

"The store" was the favorite place of meeting for the men of the village. No bar attracted them there. It was a temperance store, where almost everything could be bought but what the drunkard craves.

Behind the store was a little reading-room, well supplied with daily papers and a few carefully selected books—a cool resort in summer, and an attractive place in winter evenings, with its glowing stove, cheerful lights, and attractive little Joe, the clerk, to wait upon the readers. A hobby of Mr. White's, the objectors called it, but they had to own, nevertheless, that it was a blessing to the village.

Here, Harry Barber, in a new home far from his old associates, had been established by Mr. White, and here he was leading an honest, industrious, Christian life.

Harry rarely spoke of his old habits, but sometimes when he saw a young man being gradually led into temptation, he would tell him the story of his evil courses, and of that awful night, when his own life and the future of the sinner stood so plainly before him. Such an interview a young man never forgot.

As for Joe he was openly for temperance, he said, he didn't care who knew it.

He and his partner had that for their private and special business, and went hand-in-hand in all their plans.

Now, at the church door they had been exchanging a few words about those who were just then their peculiar objects of interest.

And Kate Barber? She did indeed take her Harry's arm as proudly as if he had been a king! She treasured up no remembrance of the days of his humiliation. He was to her the dear husband who had triumphed over temptation, the Christian friend and beloved companion with whom she was walking heavenward, with a glad and thankful heart.

THE END.

IN RESPONSE to a circular not long ago addressed to all the wardens of our penitentiaries asking "What is your opinion as to the connection between strong drink and crime?" the answers returned all looked one way. Mr. Pollard, of Vt., did but echo all the general sentiment, though he put it more sharply than most when he said: "My opinion is that if intoxicants were totally eradicated, the Vermont State prison would be large enough to hold all the criminals of the United States.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

"I LOVE YOU."

A tired woman hushed to sleep her nestling babe. Beauty once made her face radiant, perhaps, but all that beauty is gone now. The blue eye is dim and faded—the pale brow covered with lines of care. Perhaps, with that far-off look of hers, she sees three little graves, green with as many summers. Her home is very humble—all day she has toiled, and the fainting spirit almost surrenders to fatigue, the downcast eyes tremble in tears—she is so weary. And every nerve tingles when the "boys" come hungry from school, some with a tale of sorrow that mother must hear.

And after they were hushed with kisses or chidings, it is time to get supper for seven hungry mouths, and the accustomed, never-ending routine of putting away and cleaning up, till the worn-out creature wonders with a sigh if there really will ever come a rest to her—an eternal rest.

At last she can seat her weary limbs in the old corner rocking-chair. The babe, whose eyes close fitfully to a lullaby, lies in his father's lap. He is a plain man, that good father, with an honest face and a great heart, that would take in all the cares and sorrows of the household.

The babe sleeps. With a rude gentleness he lays it on its mother's bosom, and as the ruddy firelight plays over her careworn features, he looks upon her with eyes suddenly grown lustrous and beautiful. He lifts his great hand softly till it rests on her shoulders, as he says:

"I love you, Mary."

How the poor heart leaps into love, light and rest. How vanish the cares that trod upon her very soul. She reflects not now that the pretty babe with pink-flushed cheek against her breast has worn her patience thread-bare with its constant tears and unrest. She forgets that the fire would smoke, the broth burn, that the children teased her, that the clothes-line broke, and that her whole frame ached with fatigue.

What were these in comparison with the steadfast love that has burned for eighteen years, and is the sunlight of happiness, through the clouds of despair, when the beauty that made her winning and the freshness of her youth departed forever? What cared she for aught outside her home, though she had many sorrows, while such words thrilled her whole being?

"I love you, Mary."

Ah! you long-married, repining husbands, who exact every attention and duty—how much would it cost to make your home thus beautiful, with all its cares? I tell you, one word will loosen great burdens from the shoulders of the woman you call wife. Try it. Go home some night and look upon her with the eyes of long ago. For one moment think how great trials she took into her heart when she married you. Then tenderly clasp her hand, and as she looks with wonder-opened eyes, say to her in a low and steady voice, not carelessly and sportively, but earnestly:

"I love you."

Trust me, it will be to her and to you both better than diamonds.—*Standard.*

EARLY RISING.

Early rising has its advantages, for as the old proverb has it, the morning hour has gold in its mouth. Still it is one of those things which by common consent are set very high in the list of desirable virtues, and yet which are open to certain doubts and objections. Early rising, unless preceded by early bedtime and sound sleep may be very unhealthful. Delicate children should never be wakened till they have fully had their sleep out, and nature will then awaken them. We do not underestimate the pleasure and propriety of having the family all seated at once at the breakfast table, but in many homes an elastic breakfast hour would be a boon. If one or two people in the house by reason of engagements must sally forth very early, it is often better to let them have their morning meal by themselves while others rise and breakfast later. Many a worn and ailing mother, whose sleep is disturbed by the cares of her nursery, owes it to herself and to her family to take a morning nap, and to make up the arrears of repose by late rising. Breakfast in one's room or in bed is not unfrequently a wise and sensible measure for semi-invalids, or for those who would be such if they had time or will to consider their own infirmities.

To sit up till midnight and to rise with the dawn, is to sinfully and prodigally burn life's candle at both ends. This species of insanity is practised by the very persons who for unselfish reasons ought to be careful of their health and economical of their strength. Overwork is as criminal as over-indulgence, and it is a temptation to which most of us are vulnerable. Our climate is stimulating, our associations crowd us with motives for energy, and an overwhelming public opinion condemns the idler, the laggard, and the shirk. There is electricity in the air we breathe, and from our babyhood we are incited to make haste, to do two hours' work in one, to be at the end of a task before we have fairly begun it. Hence arises a lack of thoroughness in many individuals. Brilliancy is looked for rather than painstaking, and imperfect sketchiness is far more common than exquisite finish and trained capability. What has early rising to do with this, says materfamilias, who persists in ringing the bell at a stated hour, and insists that everybody shall heed it. Nothing, dear madam, in itself, but much if it be taken as one illustration of our indiscriminating way of expecting everybody to be run into the same mould and of setting some good habits up as graven images, to which we pay honor and render worship at the expense of others equally praiseworthy and admirable. It is better to rise at eight in the freshness of renovated powers than to rise at five, jaded, aching, and half asleep, to drag wearily through the first quarter of the day, doing nothing well, and exasperating one's friends by fretfulness and fault-finding.

But you who have the blissful habit of early rising formed, whose health is sufficient to it, whose good sense sends you to seek sleep by nine or at the latest ten o'clock, what delights are yours! What ecstasy to watch the oncoming of the early day, the sky unfolding its pearl and rosy gates to let the monarch in. How sweet the songs of the birds! How lustrous the dew on the leaves! How fragrant the air! What charm in the purity of the hour! How vital every breath that fans the cheek! How tender and precious the communion at that sacred time with the Lord who draws near to the heart which lifts to Him its matin praise!—*Christ. Intelligencer.*

CARE OF NAILS.

Some persons insist that the finger-nails are signs of character. The slender, tapering nail, they say, indicates a refined nature which is sometimes accompanied by a shrewish temper. The broad, stubby nail suggests natural coarseness which may be allied to good-nature. Whether these are signs or not, it is true that the care of the nails reveals personal habits as to cleanliness.

Nails may be greatly improved, both in shape and color, by proper attention. The best appliance is a nail brush used in water softened by the addition of a little borax and really fine toilet soap.

In well-brushed and well-cared-for nails the little curtain-like rim which surrounds them is well pushed or rolled back, displaying generally a delicate little crescent at the root. The skin of the fingers should never be allowed to grow up on the nail.

In paring and trimming the shape given should always be as long an oval as possible. To cut a nail squarely off gives the finger-end a stubby look.

The corners should be carefully and closely cut, and the centre left rather long, so as to give the long oval shape.

In cleaning the nails the knife should never scrape off the inner substance of the nail, as this renders the edge opaque and muddy in appearance, whereas it should be transparent.

The nail is susceptible of a high degree of polish by rubbing with the towel when drying the hands.

The habit of biting the nails is one against which children should be carefully guarded. It is ruinous to the very structure of the nail, and once acquired, is one of the most difficult habits to break.

This is evidenced by the fact that some men and women, but more especially men, have a habit of biting their nails when reading or studying, of which they are perfectly unconscious.

Not a few lawyers and clergymen occur to mind whose nails are almost a deformity as a result of this habit.—*Youth's Companion.*

SENSIBLE HOME TALK.

A good many men and women have the reputation of being "charming conversationalists," who never appear in that role in their own homes. Their talk is confined to the most threadbare and uninteresting topics, to mere gossip, or to enforcing quiet while they pretend to cultivate their precious intellects, or settle their nerves to fit them for sociability in public. Yet aside from the pleasure which cheerful and worthy conversation diffuses over a home circle, its educative force can hardly be over-estimated. The bright and interesting girls, who surprise and delight you with their ready fund of information quite outside of the conventional topics, and the "well-posted" boys, who know much more than books could have taught them, will be found in general to have a father or mother who is wise enough to converse and talk with them, and who do not keep their best mental and social gifts for outside friends.

Show us a father or the mother who tells new stories or jokes to delight the family circle after supper—who has an eye out for new facts of travel, discovery, science, literature, art or religion with which to stimulate conversation at home—who talks with little chaps about their studies and plays, and the older ones about their duties, ambitions and labors—who keeps before his daughters an ideal gentleman who treats ladies with sincerity, reverence, and as equals, and doesn't carry his "small talk" in a separate package from the rest of his knowledge, strictly for their use, and we'll show you a true gentleman. The home should be something more than a boarding-house, a mere convenience or social necessity, and as such it ought to draw out the best gifts of each inmate into the fund of common enjoyment and mutual delight and improvement. All who read this must give their assent to its truthfulness and common-sensibleness. Then act upon it, and make home happy while you improve yourselves also by the effort. *Verbum sap.*—*Christian at Work.*

THAT ARCTIC PARLOR.

The music teacher comes to give the lesson to the blooming scion of the family. The parlor, by neglect, or the fear of a little trouble, or a great mistake in economy, has not been warmed, and has withal the chill of a damp and unused room. The tutor and the pupil can neither do good work, because not only their fingers but their spirits need the comfortable air. They go through the hour, and each finds that she has taken a serious cold with its threatening possibilities. And the next time it is just so.

What a forbidding place it is, anyhow, with its prim and stately finery, with its dark and uncheery look, like Knicker-bocker's best room, opened and dusted and aired every Monday morning, and then closed up until the next weekly cleaning! How you always shoot by it into the living room if you can count upon a sufficient familiarity so to do. How it freezes up a pastoral call. What shall be done about it?

Why, just tear away the partition between the parlor and living-room, and put in folding doors, and don't be too careful to keep them closed. Let the sunlight of the family life shine in upon that dismal front room, which is not too good for your wife and children to use, and which the neighbor or the stranger will love all the more. Open the shutters, too, and let in the sweetening light of heaven. Or, if it must be kept off by itself, do make a frequent fire to dry the dampness and the mould, whether you care anything for the lessons on the piano or not. —*Advance.*

A SAND-BAG is one of the most serviceable articles to use in a sick room. Get some clean fine sand, dry it thoroughly in a kettle on the stove, make a bag about eight inches square of flannel, fill it with dry sand, sew the opening carefully together, and cover the bag with cotton or linen cloth. This will prevent the sand from sifting out and will also enable you to heat the bag quickly by placing it in the oven, or even on top of the stove. After once using this you will never again attempt to warm the feet or hands of a sick person with a bottle of hot water or a brick. The sand holds the heat a long time, and the bag can be tucked up the back without hurting the invalid. It is a good plan to make two or three of the bags and keep them ready for use.

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

(*Original*).

My first lies hid in the calm blue deep,
Far, far 'neath the rocky shore,
Where the mariner sleeps his last long sleep,
And well doth Ocean the treasure keep
Till the diver its depths explore.

My second adorns the wild forests fair
Of our own Canadian land;
Though of slender growth, and proportions spare
Yet still it is stately, and useful and rare
As the pride of some foreign strand.

In forming my whole—'tis a substance hard,
My second is oft employed,
But not till its verdure, all lovely, is marred,
Its goodly proportions all blackened and charred,
Its life and its beauty destroyed.

SOME PORTRAITS IN A PICTURE GALLERY.

1. What a rough man once said to his son when he wished him to eat his food properly. 2. Is a lion's house dug in the side of a hill where there is no water. 3. A good many pilgrims and flatterers have knelt low to kiss him. 4. Makes and mends for first-class customers. 5. Represents the dwellings of civilized countries. 6. Is a kind of linen. 7. Can be worn on the head. 8. A name that means such fiery things, I can't describe their pains and stings. 9. Belongs to a monastery. 10. Not one of the four points of the compass, but inclining toward one of them. 11. Is what an oyster heap is apt to be. 12. Is any chain of hills containing a certain dark treasure. 13. Always youthful, you see; but, between you and me, he never was much of a chicken. 14. An American manufacturing town. 15. Is an internal pain. 16. The value of a word. 17. A seven-footer whose name begins with fifty. 18. A worker in the precious metals. 19. A very vital part of the body. 20. A lady's garment. 21. Small talk and heavy weight. 22. A prefix and a disease. 23. Comes from an unlearned pig. 24. A disagreeable fellow to have on one's foot. 25. A sick place of worship. 26. A mean dog 'tis. 27. An official dreaded by the students of English universities. 28. His middle name is suggestive of an Indian or a Hottentot. 29. A manufactured metal. 30. A game, and a male of the human species. 31. An answer to "Which is the greater poet, William Shakespeare or Martin F. Tupper?" 32. Meat! What are you doing? 33. Is very fast indeed. 34. A barrier built of an edible. 35. To agitate a weapon. 36. Red as an apple, black as the night, a heavenly sign or a perfect fright. 37. A domestic worker. 38. A slang exclamation. 39. Pack away closely, never scatter, and doing so you'll soon get at her. 40. A young domestic animal. 41. One who is more than a sandy shore. 42. A fraction in American currency and the prevailing fashion. 43. Mamma is in perfect health, my child; and thus he mentioned a poet mild. 44. A girl's name and a male relative. 45. Take a heavy field-piece, nothing loath, and in a trice you'll find them both. 46. Put an edible grain 'twixt an ant and a bee, and a much-beloved poet you'll speedily see. 47. A common domestic animal and what it can never do. 48. Each human head in time, 'tis said, will turn to him though he is dead.

SQUARE WORD.

A celebrated queen of ancient Carthage; a conception; a valuable; pertaining to a boat.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF MAY 15.

Charade.—Hamlet.

Double Acrostic.—

L ance T
O tte R
N er O
G lasgo W
F i B
E age. R
L ok I
L on D
O penin G
W hal E

Inverted Pyramids.—

LEARN	PARTY	PRAWN
EAR	ART	RAW
A	R	A

Curtailments and Beheadings.—Poe, poet. Raven, rave. Bells, ells.

A Bouquet.—1, Everlasting. 2, Pennyroyal. 3, Indian Moccasin. 4, Ice Plant. 5, Venus' Fly-Trap. 6, Flag.

HEVI.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

"I hope, my son," said Hevi's mother to him, one bright sunny morning when he had come in from play, "I hope you will never forget, no matter how long your life may be, that, if you want your friends to believe that you are in any way better than they are, you must show that you are superior, and not merely talk about it.'

Hevi said nothing. He had been telling his mother of a conversation he had had with some of his young companions, in which he had boasted a good deal about himself and his relations; about what his father had done, and what he intended to do when he should get to be as big as his father. So he hung his head a little, as his mother gave him this piece of advice.

"But, mother," said he, after a few moments, "father talks about what he has done, and about what he intends to do, too."

"Yes, my dear," said his mother, sadly, "I know that; and although I want you to imitate your father and be as much like him as possible, I don't want you to get into a habit of boasting. And now run off, and take your bath."

Hevi was an elephant—a young fellow, not as high as a horse. He had a good disposition and high spirits, and was generally liked, though, as he was bigger and stronger than most of the young elephants he associated with, he sometimes showed himself their master in a way they did not fancy. He lived with his father and mother, and a large herd of other elephants, in a great wood not far from the shore of the ocean. His father was the chief of the herd, and the largest and strongest elephant that had ever been seen in those parts.

"Mother," said Hevi, one day, as he was starting off to take his daily bath, "I saw a whale out at sea yesterday, and when I told father about it, it seemed to make him angry. Why was that?"

"My dear son," said his mother, anxiously, "I do wish you would try and never say anything about whales to your father. Nothing annoys him so much as an allusion to them. Now go along."

Hevi walked away, and his mother, turning to enter the woods, heaved a sigh. She was thinking of her husband. "I wish," she said to herself, "that he could get rid of that silly jealousy of whales. He hates to think that there is a creature on earth bigger than himself. And whales *are* bigger; I know that, for I have seen them."

In about half an hour from this time Hevi's father came home. It was nearly noon and he wanted his dinner. As he came up to his wife, who was standing by a great pile of fresh grass and tender young leaves which she had gathered together, she noticed that he looked out of humor.

"Has anything worried you, my dear?" she said, kindly.

"Worried me? Of course not. Why should I be worried? To be sure there were two strange elephants, from Tamburra, over there with the herd to-day, and they were talking such ridiculous stuff, that I felt inclined to give them a pretty heavy hint to go home."

"What did they talk about?" asked his wife, as she turned over the pile of dinner to find some nice bits for her husband.

"Oh, all sorts of nonsense. It seems they have travelled a good deal, and they have entirely too much to say about what they have seen. I don't believe half of it. They have lost their respect for their own kind, and are full of talk about the great deeds of other creatures, especially men. To hear those fellows talk, you would think

MASTER MONTEZUMA'S PARENTS TAKE HIM TO THE PRIEST AND THE TEACHER.

that a man could do anything he pleased. To be sure he can master most of the smaller animals, but so can I—there is not one of them that I cannot conquer. I can crush a lion or a tiger under my feet; I can dash a buffalo lifeless against a tree; I can even master the rhinoceros, and if I once get my tusks under him, I can push him headlong over a precipice. And as to a man, I have shown how I can treat him. You remember that fellow who came into those woods with a gun, and how he killed a great many deer and other animals, and even fired at some of us elephants. But when I caught sight of him, I quickly turned the tables. I rushed at the blood-thirsty rascal, and, although he had his gun in his hand, he did not dare to shoot at me. He just turned and ran away at the top of his speed; and if he had not slipped in between two great rocks, where it was impossible for me to follow him, I would have broken every bone in his body. And then those two strangers had the impudence to talk about some whales they had seen, and their great size. Size indeed! as if a miserable whale could compare with an elephant!"

"But, my dear," said his wife, "I do wish you would try to get over your prejudices on this point. You know whales are bigger."

"They are not!" said he, sharply. "They are nothing of the kind. Let me hear no more such nonsense. Where's Hevi?"

"He is taking his bath," said his wife, very glad to change the subject; "I'll call him."

So saying, she went out to the edge of the wood: but when she looked toward the beach, she stopped, terror-stricken. There was Hevi far beyond the breakers, and apparently floating out to sea!

Without a word, the mother rushed down to the water edge.

"Hevi! Hevi!" she cried, "come in. You are out too far. Come in, or you will be drowned!"

Hevi, who seemed to be tired and unable to direct his course, called back in a voice which sounded as if he had swallowed some salt water:

"I can't. The tide is too strong."

"Hello there!" cried Hevi's father, who now came running to the beach, alarmed by the cries of his wife. "What are you doing out there? Come in, this instant!"

"He can't! He can't!" screamed the poor mother. "The tide is carrying him away! Oh! save him, my husband, or he will be drowned! Drowned before our eyes!"

Hevi's father did not hesitate. He dashed into the water and waded rapidly toward his son. But soon he stopped, his feet sank in the sand, and he found he could not proceed. At the spot where he was struggling to get forward, the sand was very soft, and his immense weight forced his legs down so deeply—sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other—that he could scarcely keep himself from falling over.

The water was always deep enough over this soft spot for Hevi to swim, but it was entirely too shallow to bear up his father; and so the great elephant, finding that matters were getting worse and worse the more he pressed forward, endeavored to turn back, so that he might find a firmer portion of the beach.

His distressed wife, seeing his plight, rushed to his assistance.

"Oh!" she cried. "you, too, will be lost!"

"My dear," said her husband, a little sharply, "will you let go my tail? I can never get out, if you keep pulling me that way. I want to turn around."

With a groan, she stopped pulling at his tail and stepped back to give him room to scramble out.

Casting her eyes seaward to poor Hevi, who was dismayed at seeing himself so far from shore, while his father was actually turning back and going away from him, she perceived something which made her heart jump with joy.

Out at sea, but not very far from poor Hevi, she saw a great spout of water rise into the air!

It was a whale! She plainly saw his great back and head above the water.

Without stopping to think, she shouted:

"O whale! whale! come here! Save my son! Hasten! He is drowning!"

The whale raised his head, and seeing the really dangerous situation of Hevi, who was nearly exhausted by his struggles, he swam rapidly toward the young elephant.

When he reached him, he put his head against Hevi and a little under him, and then, setting his great tail in motion, he swam steadily to the shore, pushing Hevi before him. He seemed to be swimming very slowly, but as he came near he sent Hevi shooting through the surf, and the little fellow actually turned over and over, two or three times, before he got on his feet in the shallow water. His mother rushed down to meet him.

"Oh, my dear Hevi! my sweet son!" she cried, as she tenderly twined her trunk around him. "You are saved. I have you again. But how did you dare to go out so far? You know how often you have been told never

to go beyond your depth. How you have frightened us! Now run home and dry yourself:" and as Hevi shuffled away, his fond mother could not help giving him a slap with her trunk as he passed. The little rascal, he had scared them so!

Then Hevi's mother turned to the whale, who remained near the shore, and apparently was curious to see how things would turn out.

"My good whale," said she to him, "I cannot tell you how much I am obliged to you. You have saved my son, my only child. I can never forget it. I know we can never repay you; but if there is anything whatever, that we can do to show our gratitude, we shall be only too glad to do it. My husband, as well as myself—"

She then turned to call Hevi's father, but he was not to be seen. When he had scrambled out of the soft sand, hearing meantime his wife's frantic cries to the whale, he turned his head seaward just in time to see the whale pushing Hevi to shore. Perceiving that there was nothing for him to do, and filled with mortification and shame at his failure to save his drowning son, he hastened away to the woods to hide his wounded pride and regain his wonted composure.

"My husband is not here," said Hevi's mother. "He probably has hurried home to take care of the child. But he joins me, I know, in my thanks to you."

"Oh! don't mention it," said the whale, in a deep voice. "No trouble, I'm sure."

"I must now go," said the elephant, "and see that my poor child has somethimg to revive him. I'm sorry. I can't ask you up to the woods. But I shall never forget you. Good-bye!"

"Good bye!" said the whale.

When Hevi's mother reached the woods, she found her son in a very wet and uncomfortable condition. She rubbed him dry with a bundle of hay, and gave him some nice roots to eat; and when he felt better, she sent him out to take a little walk in the sun, so that he might get well warmed and not take cold.

Hevi was very glad to go, for while his mother was attending to him she gave him a great deal of good advice and some scolding, too.

He had been gone but a few minutes, however, before he came running back, crying out:

"Oh, mother! That whale's there yet! And I believe he's stuck fast and can't get away!"

Hevi's mother rushed out, and as soon as she saw the whale, she felt sure that her son was right. The great fish evidently had forgotten, or had not known how shallow the water was where he came in, and in his kind effort to push Hevi as near dry land as possible, had run himself so far up on the beach that he had stranded himself. And, as the tide was running down, his condition was getting worse and worse. He was now more than half out of water, and although he worked his tail so vigorously that it made great waves on each side of him, and twisted himself about as hard as he could, he could not force himself into deep water.

"Mercy on us!" cried Hevi's mother. "The poor fellow has certainly stuck fast on the beach. Hevi! Run for your father."

Away ran Hevi, and his mother hurried down to the water's edge.

"My dear whale," she said, "I am afraid you have run aground."

"Yes," said the whale. "It certainly looks like it. I didn't intend to come so far. But if the tide wasn't running out I think I could get off.',

"Well don't tire yourself," said the good elephant; "my husband will be here directly. He will help you."

A kind of smile came over the whale's face. "He can't do much," he thought to himself; but he did not say so, for fear of hurting the mother elephant's feelings.

Hevi soon found his father walking about by himself in the forest. When the great elephant heard what his son had to tell him, he gave a grunt and seemed in a little better humor.

"Ho, ho!" said he, "I'll go and see about it."

When he got out on the beach he walked straight to the whale, paying no attention to his wife, who was endeavoring to explain the situation to him.

"Well," said he to the whale, "you seem to be pretty badly stranded."

"I am," replied the whale; "and I don't see how I am to get off unless I wait here until the tide rises. And that will be a long time to wait."

"Oh, I'll get you off," said the elephant.

"I don't believe you can do it," said the whale,

"I'll soon show you about that," said Hevi's father, and he walked through the water, taking care to be sure that his way led over the firm portions of the beach. When he reached the whale, he put his head and one shoulder against the whale's head, and, bending himself up for the struggle, he pushed with all his enormous strength.

As the beach was hard and stony beneath his great feet, he could put his whole force into his efforts, and he pushed like a big steam-engine.

In a minute or two the whale began to move slowly backward, and then, with a steady motion, like a ship sliding off the stocks, he glided into deep water.

"Hurrah!" shouted Hevi and Hevi's mother, and a dozen of other elephants, who had now gathered on the beach. "Hurrah!" they cried again, waving their trunks in the air, while the whale, after a joyful dive, came up to the surface and spouted a tremendous stream of water, high enough to put out a fire on top of the highest steeple you ever saw.

Hevi's father came slowly out of the water, with a very good-humored expression on his face.

"Ha! ha!" he said to himself, "that was a good sort of a whale. A very good fellow indeed! But, dear me! he never could have got off that beach by himself. A whale is utterly helpless on shore. I'm glad I happened to be about. Yes, he's a good fellow for a whale. And I believe he is a trifle bigger than I am—though, of course, a whale can never be compared to an elephant."—*St. Nicholas*

THE WEDDING OF MONTEZUMA.

"DO YOUR BEST."

"When I was a little boy," said a gentleman one evening, "I paid a visit to my grandfather—a venerable old man, whose black velvet cap and tassel, blue breeches and huge silver knee-buckles filled me with great awe. When I went to bid him good-bye, he drew me between his knees, and, placing his hand on my head, said—'Grandchild, I have one thing to say to you; will you remember it?' I stared into his face and nodded, for I was afraid to promise aloud. 'Well,' he continued, 'whatever you do, *do the best you can.*'

"This, in fact, was my grandfather's legacy to me; and it has proved better than gold. I never forgot his words, and I believe I have tried to act upon them. After reaching home, my uncle gave Marcus and me some weeding to do in the garden. It was Wednesday afternoon, and we had laid our plans for something else. Marcus, fretted and ill-humored at his disappointment, did not more than half do his work, and I began pretty much like him, until grandfather's advice came into my mind, and I determined to follow it. In a word, I 'did my best.' And when my uncle came out, I shall never forget his look of approbation as his eyes glanced over my bed, or the fourpence he slipped into my hand afterward as he said my work was well done. Ah, I was a glad and thankful boy; while poor Marcus was left to drudge over his beds all the afternoon.

"At fifteen I was sent to the academy, where I had partly to earn my own way through the course. The lessons came hard at first, for I was not fond of study; but grandfather's advice was my motto, and I tried to do my best. As a consequence of this, though I was small of my age, and not very strong, my mother had three offers for me before the year was out; and one from the best merchant of the village, 'a place' in whose shop was considered very desirable. When I joined the church, I, tried to do the Lord's work as well as I did my own; and often, when I have been tempted to leave the Sabbath-school, or let a hindrance keep me from the prayer-meeting, or get discouraged in any good thing, my grandfather's last words, 'Do the best you can,' have given me fresh courage and I would again try."

Here, then, was the key to this man's character. He is considered one of the best business-men, one of the best citizens, one of the best officers in the church, one of the best friends of the poor, one of the best neighbors, fathers, husbands, friends—in a word, he is universally beloved and respected. And what is the secret of it all? He always *tried to do the best he could.* Let every boy and girl take this for their motto. Acted upon, it will, with God's blessing, do wonders for you. It will bring out power and capabilities which will surprise and delight yourself and friends. "Do your best;" or, as the Bible has it, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might;" or in other words, "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord."—*Band of Hope Review.*

A VENERABLE minister, ripe in the experience of many years of labor, once said, near the close of his life: "If any church puts the work of missions in a corner, the Lord will put that church in a corner." Mark it! The sad experience of many "cornered" churches bears testimony to the truthfulness of the words.

The Family Circle.

KINDNESS.

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed a heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

A word—a look—has crushed to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break.
—*Whittier.*

NOT ALL GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

"Mrs. Maple has just passed, and so beautifully dressed!"

The speaker was Emma Workman, who, with her mother, was sitting busily at work, finishing an order that she had promised to take home that night.

"Doesn't she dress beautifully?" continued Emma, "I am sure her husband must be quite rich."

"What makes you think so, my dear?"

"Why, look how they live, mother; they have a good deal of company—friends to supper very often; and Maggie Warden told me yesterday, that Mrs. Maple is going to give a party on her birthday!"

"Certainly, to do all that, her husband ought to have a very good income; but, as he is only a junior clerk, I should not have supposed his salary would have allowed of such extravagance."

"Oh, mother, it is not extravagant to entertain our friends; 'tis very pleasant to do so!"

A soft smile played round Emma's mouth as she thought of the pretty little home that she was shortly going to; and where she would always make her friends so welcome.

"Very pleasant, Emma," answered Mrs. Workman with a smile of sympathy; "but, remember, my dear, no prudent wife will entertain her friends at the expense of her home comforts."

"How do you mean, mother? That does not sound hospitable."

"Be hospitable by all means, my dear; make your friends welcome to the best your means can provide, but do not run into expenses that you cannot afford. Your friends visit you for the pleasure of your company, and not for what they can get to eat and drink!" added Mrs. Workman, pleasantly.

The conversation was interrupted by a knock at the door, and Mrs. Maple herself stepped in.

Mrs. Maple had on some particularly fine clothes that day; and, as the friend on whom she had just called was out, she thought she would give "those poor Workmans," as she termed them, a view of her grandeur.

Waving about her feathered head, in a manner which she considered highly impressive and dignified, she talked of the preparations she was making for her birthday party; and set them forth in such glowing terms that one would have thought her husband was at the head of his firm, instead of only a junior clerk making his way in the world.

"How pleasant to be able to do like Mrs. Maple!" said Emma, after the visitor's departure.

"Ah! if her husband can really afford it."

The birthday party took place, and Frank and Agnes Maple entertained their friends in their pretty cottage home, in a manner that was agreeable to them both.

But was the pleasure equal to the expense?

This was a question that Frank often put to himself, as, week after week, Agnes came to him with the same tale that she could not make her allowances for housekeeping do."

This after a time put Frank out of temper; and unkind words passed between the young couple.

As Frank could not supply extra money, Agnes had to get into debt; so that when her husband received his month's salary a part of it had to go in paying what he termed "these unnecessary bills."

"If money goes one way it can't another," said Frank, ill-temperedly, as he put the remainder of his salary, which was little enough, safely away in his pocket.

. . . . .

The spring was far advanced; and the Whitsun-holidays were rapidly approaching.

The country was looking its brightest and best; and the balmy air and fragrant scents caused the cottagers to throw open their doors to enjoy the full sweetness of the season.

In the snug porch of one of these cottage homes stood an old man; who, after enjoying the air for a few moments, turned an enquiring glance inside the room, as he asked,

"Have you written the letter, mother?"

"Yes, and sent it to the post an hour ago."

"And you told them how we longed to see them?"

"Yes, and how disappointed we should be if they did not come."

"Don't talk of their not coming, my dear wife! The disappointment of not seeing my little Agnes's face would be more than her old father could bear!"

"Well, dear, you know it costs money."

"Yes—yes! but Frank can afford it if they have been careful; and, I dare say, Agnes has been laying by a little store."

Then Agnes's parents talked of the pleasure they should feel in having their only daughter and her husband with them once more; and the coming Whitsun-holidays promised to be a very happy time for the loving old couple.

. . . . .

Agnes received her dear mother's letter with delight; and, with a radiant face, she hastened to lay it before her husband on his arrival home. Frank read it through.

"Our going is quite out of the question, Agnes."

"Nonsense, Frank! when you will have nearly four days' holiday!"

"True—I have plenty of time, but not the money."

"Not the money! Why, you will receive your salary the day before we should go."

"Yes; and part of that salary must get us out of debt—just the sum that would pay for our journey must go to Jones for the stout, and other things that we have had there!"

Agnes saw that all argument would be useless; and she felt too bitterly disappointed to speak. Vainly she regretted her efforts to appear as well off as people whose incomes were twice that of her husbands. If she could only recall the money that she had spent so lavishly!

The next day, with a heavy heart, Agnes prepared to answer her mother's letter. Tears were in her eyes as she wrote the words which she knew would cause much keen disappointment in that country cottage home.

Agnes had not been long at her task before it was interrupted by the arrival of Mrs. Workman, who brought a book she had promised to lend to her.

When Agnes was in her usual spirits she cared very little for this neighbor's company; but, on this morning, in her trouble, she felt pleased to see Mrs. Workman's homely face; and a word of sympathy, on the young wife's tearful looks, brought forth the story of the disappointment.

"I would do much to go! If I had only known about it sooner, I would have gone without my merino dress."

"Would you really?" interrupted Mrs. Workman.

"That I would! I would ask the shopman to take it back now—for it is not made up, but I know he would refuse to do so, as it was cut off a length."

"Would the cost of the dress pay for both your journeys to and fro?"

"Very nearly so."

"It would go a great way toward it?"

"Yes, but it is of no good thinking of it now—I ought not to have been so extravagant."

Mrs. Workman's tones were very kind as she said,

"Could you let me see your new dress?"

"Oh, with pleasure!" answered Agnes, "it is a great beauty."

"So it is!"

Mrs. Workman felt it in a scientific manner; and placing the smooth folds against her cheek to feel the softness of them she said,

"But you would not like to part with it?"

"Indeed, I would if I had the chance?"

Then with quivering lips, Agnes added, "I would sooner see my dear father and mother these Whitsun-holidays, than myself in any new dress."

Mrs. Workman's motherly heart warmed toward the young wife, and with a kind smile she said—

"Well, you shall see your parents these holidays if I can help you to do so."

"How can you help me?" asked Agnes in surprised tones.

"Well, my Emma is going to be married early in July; and as I am going to make her a present of one very good dress, I may as well buy this of you."

"Oh, Mrs. Workman, how kind!" interrupted Agnes.

"And I will give you the same as you gave for it," continued her visitor.

Agnes was too pleased to say much; but her smiling face told Mrs. Workman, better than any words, how pleased she was with her offer.

The exchange was soon made; and by the end of the day Agnes and Frank had sent off a very different letter to the one that had been originally begun.

As Mrs. Workman walked home with her purchase, she was more than ever convinced that all is not gold that glitters.

And Agnes, as she prepared her own and her husband's things for their happy Whitsun-visit, resolved, for the future, to have more true comfort around her, and a great deal less outside show.—*British Workman.*

A NEIGHBORLY HEART.

In the days of the great King Agathos many wonderful things took place. Many that were poor became rich; many that were rude became gentle; and towns and villages that were almost deserted and in ruins were rebuilt and filled with happy crowds.

Just on the outskirts of this great king's kingdom, in a hollow among lofty hills, lay one of those ruined villages. Everything in it had a broken-down and decaying look. The houses were old, and mean and bare; grass grew upon the streets; and the inhabitants were ignorant, and sad, and poor.

One morning in early spring, a stranger entered this village. It was noticed that he walked from one end of the main street to the other, looking to this side and to that at the houses; but more eagerly still into the faces of the people who were passing by.

The laborers began to come out from their homes to go into the fields; the stranger examined every face as it passed. A little while after the young women came out to the wells for water; the stranger went up to these and questioned them one by one. By-and-by he turned aside to a blind old man, who sat at his door to enjoy the heat of the morning sun; he put many questions to him. But neither the old man nor the young women could give him the information he wished. A look of distress and disappointment came into his face. The villagers saw him turning away into a back street that had long since been deserted. Then they noticed that he sat down on the stones of an old wall, with his face toward a roofless cottage, which had neither window, nor fireplace, nor door.

This was the cottage in which the stranger was born, and in which he had spent his early years. As he sat gazing on its ruins, the old forms he had known so well in his boyhood seemed to come back again. He saw his father working among the flower-beds in the garden, and his mother now knitting and now cooking beside the kitchen fire. The very laughter of his brother and sisters as he had so often heard it long ago seemed to come back again and fill his ears like a song. And there came back also the memory of a day when that laughter was stilled; and along with that the form of a beautiful sister, who on that day was carried out to her grave. Tears began to trickle down his cheeks.

And then, one of the strange things I mentioned at the outset happened. Behind the cottage rose up the great sides of the hills among which the village was nestled. Far up the huts of shepherds could be seen like little dots scattered here and there; and on the green pastures, flocks of sheep. As the stranger was gazing across the roofless and broken walls of his early home, his ear caught little snatches of a song which some one was singing among the hills behind. Then he beheld the singer—a little girl—stepping down as if she were coming from the shepherd's huts. Her feet were bare, but she stepped downward as if she had wings. Her yellow hair was blown out behind her with the wind. She was coming directly to the stranger, and almost before he knew she was at his side, and singing the song he had heard—

"Friend and brother wouldst thou find?
Hearts of love around thee bind?
Be thyself a heart of home;
To gentle hearts, hearts gentle come."

Then she stopped singing, and, fixing her eyes earnestly on him, she said, "You are in pain, my brother?" And although she was but a little child, and one he did not remember to have seen before, the stranger could not help opening his heart to her.

"I have come from the most distant shores of our king's country to find my brother and sisters, and they are not here. When I left this village I was poor. I am rich now, and would share my riches with them, if I could find them."

While the stranger was speaking, the little girl seemed to grow more and more beautiful. Her eyes shone like bits of blue of the sky, and sent their glance into his very soul. As the morning sunlight fell on her hair, it seemed like a crown of gold round her head. And then, as she stood before him there, in her exceeding beauty, it flashed upon him that somewhere or other, in other years, he must have seen that face. And then, in a moment more, he knew that this was the very face of the dear sister who had died. And then she said, "Come with me, brother; your brother and sisters are found."

She took him by the hand and led him back into the main street of the village, and said, "Do you see that blind old man whom you questioned? That is your father."

"But my father is dead these many years."

Without stopping to answer him the beautiful child went on, "Do you see those young women you spoke to coming from the wells with water? They are your sisters."

"But my sisters must be old and gray-headed now."

And once more, without replying to him, the child said, "Do you see those laborers in in the field, whose faces you looked into so eagerly? They are your brothers."

"But I had only one brother."

While he was saying this the children began to go past to school.

"And there," exclaimed his young companion, pointing to them, "are your children."

The stranger was perplexed. Everything about him seemed to swim in the morning light. The children, the young women, the laborers, and the blind old man appeared as if they were drawn up into the light. And into the same light the beautiful form of his child sister also passed, smiling toward her brother with a tender grace, and singing her gentle song. And then everything disappeared.

When he came to himself he was still sitting on the stones of the broken wall. The roofless cottage was on the other side of the way, but the little girl was gone. And from where he sat he could see neither children nor grown-up people of the village.

He was never quite certain about what had taken place. Sometimes he fancied he had fallen asleep and had dreamed a happy dream. Sometimes it seemed as if he had seen a vision, and as if the beautiful child stepping down the hill-side with her song and her words of teaching had been real. But nobody else had see her; and the shepherds in the huts did not know of such a child.

But whether what he saw and heard was real, or only a dream, it was the turning-point of life to this rich stranger.

The song of the fair-haired child took possession of his heart, and by means of it God changed his heart, and made it gentle and neighborly; and the light of the neighborly heart came into his eyes, and he saw in the ruined village a new world and new duties there for himself. Long afterward he used to tell that he saw that day what John had seen in the Isle of Patmos—"a new heaven and a new earth." He knelt beside the ruined cottage and lifted up his heart to God, and said, "O my Father, let the heart that was in thy Son Jesus be also in me! All that I have is Thine; from Thee it came, to Thee it shall return. Help me to fulfil Thy will."

He rose up a new man. He said to himself, "I will abide in this village, and build

up its ruined walls, and make the people of it the sharers of my wealth."

So he abode in the village; and he became a neighbor to old and young. The inhabitants became his children, and his brothers and sisters, and his parents. And light arose in their dwellings, and prosperity came back into their street, and songs to their lips. The rich man was happy, and the poor were blessed; and in his old age, when young people were setting out in life, and came up to him for his blessing, he used to repeat to them the song which the fair-haired child of his vision had sung to him, and call it "the secret of a happy life."

Long years have passed since those things took place. The ruined village is now a large and prosperous city; but in the centre of it stands to this day a granite cross with the portrait of a beautiful child cut on the stem, and underneath, the words of the song—

"Friend and brother wouldst thou find?
Hearts of love around thee bind?
Be thyself a heart of home;
To gentle hearts, hearts gentle come."

That is the monument of the rich stranger who shared his riches with the people of the ruined village. His name is unknown. But in the histories of the city you will find that the founder of its prosperity is described as "the man with the neighborly heart."—*Dr. Macleod.*

WHISPERS THAT COME ABROAD.

BY EASY L.

Aunt Edith was sitting at the open door of her cottage, one bright afternoon, when Fannie, her niece of seventeen, entered with a quick step, and cordially taking her extended hand said with an anxious look, "O Aunt Edith, I want you to tell me something, or at least to help me get my thoughts straight, so that I may know just what is right for me to do."

"Well, my dear child, sit down a minute and take breath," said Aunt Edith to the eager girl, whose sweet, serious face was a true index to the character of one who desired to know "just what was right."

"What troubles you," continued her aunt, as Fannie dropped upon a carpet-bench at her feet, and, laying her arms in her aunt's lap, rested her head upon them in thought.

"Why, Auntie, it is only one of those things about which I am always troubling you. Do you suppose I shall ever come to know my duty without leaning upon others?"

"Poor motherless lamb!" said Aunt Edith tenderly, as she stroked the soft hair from the upraised brow. "To be sure you will, for the Good Shepherd never withdraws his lessons of wisdom, his supplies of grace from any heart that has learned its own ignorance and need of guidance. But you have not told me what perplexes you to-day."

"Well, Auntie, you know Carrie spent all last winter in the city, and she made many new acquaintances. Among them was a family of several girls, with whom she became very intimate, and yet it seems to me they must be very different from what we in the country call 'nice girls.' They had lots of beaux, with whom they made very free; they laughed at all her shy notions about gentlemen, and told her of incredible things that they were in the habit of doing. One day while sitting at the open window, they induced her to wave her handkerchief to a perfect stranger, a young man who was passing. He raised his eyes and fixed them upon Carrie, who the next moment was frightened at what she had done, an' retreated from the window.

"A few weeks from that time she was riding in a stage, when she suddenly perceived that the same stranger was sitting opposite her in company with two or three rude young men. She saw that he recognized her, for he bowed, with an annoying familiarity, and when she left the stage he followed her until she entered the house of a friend near by.

"And now, Auntie, would you believe it, no sooner has she left the city and come back home, than she has received a letter from him, in which he alludes to these circumstances and promises to visit her, though how he found out her name or address, she cannot imagine. But what is worst of all, she wishes to meet him, yet knows that she cannot do so, in her father's house. She wanted me to plan with her, and to promise that I would not tell. When I hesitated, she burst into tears and reproached me with not being a friend. She would not listen to my assurances that I should always love her and be true to her confidence, for I shall speak of this to no one but you, Auntie. I begged her to tell her mother all about it, her poor mother who is so bound up in her, and who is so willing to toil and deny herself that she may give Carrie the best advantages. But Carrie said her mother did not understand her; that society and everything was so different in the days when she was young; that she considered any little bit of fun as something dreadful, and in short, above all persons, nothing on earth would induce her to tell her mother. But she supposed such a friend as I had always professed to be, would help her out of a little scrape as she called it instead of opposing her. O Auntie, she looked as if she were so disappointed in me, and felt so bad, that I could not really tell what I ought to do or say."

"I do not wonder, my dear, that you did not know what was best. And, Fannie, as you have been telling me this, the words of the book come to my mind: 'For nothing is secret that shall not be made manifest, neither anything hid that shall not be known and come abroad.' I have been compelled to think much on these subjects in my frequent intercourse with the young. What sad wrecks of character have I known in young girls, who classify under the name of 'fun' acts and words of indelicacy, pert or bold advances before men, secrets and confidences among each other on improper subjects, all of which, to say the least, soil that purity of mind and real modesty which is the chief charm of woman and which, when once lost, can never be replaced by any regret or circumspection in the future."

"But, Auntie, Carrie has always seemed such a true girl, until she went away from home."

"I know it, my child, but in the very nature of evil there is a power to increase and spread itself over the soul. The most stealthy and deep-hidden movement of the mind, if unchecked, is sure to repeat itself; and if evil be tolerated, it will inevitably bring to the open blaze of day that which in its beginnings was only whispered in the ear, or given under pledge of secrecy. It need not be published by malicious lips; it will as surely reveal itself as any law of nature will work out its legitimate results."

"I do not think that Carrie saw the matter at all as I do, Auntie."

"No probably not. Evil thoughts indulged take a false hue from the imagination, and soon pervert or discolor the decisions of the judgment. We no longer see the simple truth in its purity, and while our love of it is steadily declining, we fail to perceive the guiltiness of our indifference. If the mind be allowed to roam among thoughts that are mean or debasing or impure, the citadels of defence are carried away unperceived to ourselves, and a thousand little avenues throw open to the outer world the secrets of the inner. The face unconsciously speaks, the glance of the eye, the very tone of the voice, unbidden tells tales of what is so carefully concealed."

"O Auntie, if I could but persuade Carrie to come to you for counsel! You have always been such a true friend to her, just as you have been a precious adviser to me."

"I doubt your power to do it, my child, though I have indeed felt a deep interest in her, and wish most heartily that I might help her in this time of need, which I feel she so little realizes."—*Advance.*

TIRED OF HOME.

A few months ago two foot-passengers sought shelter in a barn, in the outskirts of Titusville, Pa. The elder one was a "professional tramp." The younger was a boy about fourteen years old, fine-looking and well-dressed, though both his face and clothing showed signs of rough travel.

They found lodging in the loft of the barn, where they scraped together a little hay-dust for a bed. In the middle of the night the boy complained of feeling cold and proposed to go down to the lower floor for a horse-blanket, which they had discovered on entering.

The barn was dark, and his companion warned him to be careful how he moved. He got the blanket, however, climbed back to the loft, and called out—

"Where are you?"

"Here, in the same place," the tramp replied, and reached to take the blanket.

The next moment a heavy, crushing sound was heard, followed by faint groans on the lower floor. The tramp called, but got no answer. He then made his way to the floor, and groped about until his hand came in contact with the boy's body, lying across the pole and whippletrees of a waggon. With some difficulty he disentangled his limbs from the iron-work, and laid him on the floor; then roused up the farmer and returned to the barn with a lantern. The boy was dead.

His dress, his fine features, and everything else about him showing that he belonged to a good family, his tragic end created a profound interest in Titusville.

Mr. Hall, the kind-hearted undertaker, assumed the funeral expenses, and received in his store hundreds of people who came to look upon the fair young face in the casket. Mothers shed tears over him, and questions none could answer were eagerly asked regarding his parents and home.

Mr. Hall had placed on the coffin two silver plates, one of which bore the inscription:

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.
WILLIE CARTER,
Died May 4th, 1880.
Aged about 14 years.

On the other plate were inscribed these lines:

"Take him up tenderly,
Lift him with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!"

PROTECTING THE GRAIN FROM RATS, IN THE YEAR ONE RABBIT.

Willie Carter was the name the tramp had known the boy by, as he testified at the coroner's inquest. They had "tramped" together from Jersey City, being about nine days on the road. But who the boy's parents were he could not tell.

The case was advertised extensively in the newspapers, and by handbills; and in a few days another tramp turned up, who recognized the boy by a photograph, which had been taken after his death.

Through information he was able to furnish, the mystery surrounding "Willie Carter" was at last solved.

He belonged to respectable parents in Wilmington, Del., and had been enticed away from a good home and kind friends by two tramps travelling with a Punch-and-Judy show.

Mr. Hall communicated, by telegraph, with his father, photographs were exchanged, and the boy's identity, though he had been travelling under an assumed name, was established beyond question.

Great sympathy for the bereaved parents was excited; newspaper, telegraph and railway men gave their services, everybody helped who could, and the remains of the poor boy were sent home for burial.

It was an extremely sad case, yet, in some of its features, not an uncommon one. How many boys grow restless in good homes, run away to seek adventures, and, perhaps, in the end meet with a worse fate than that of poor young "Willie Carter."—*Youth's Companion.*

A CHILD TELEGRAPHER.—The frontier telegraph office at William's ranch is managed by Hallie Hutchinson, a little girl nine years of age. A gentleman who returned from there a few days since says Hallie is the most remarkably intelligent little elf he ever had the pleasure of meeting. She handles her instrument with the success and precision of an old operator. Recently, when election returns were coming in and the whole country was wildly excited to know the result, little Hallie sat at her instrument, her eyes aglow with intelligence, and gathered in the news from all over the Union, while dozens of brawny men crowded around to hear what the lightning brought, and to admire the wonderful skill of the little operator. While, controlling the wires as she does Hallie is not unlike other little girls of her age in her habits and inclinations. For instance, one end of her operating table is piled full of baby dolls, and she spends a great deal of her leisure time dressing and nursing them. Brown county may claim the youngest telegraph operator in the world.—*Waco (Texas) Examiner.*

REVENGEFUL SWALLOW.—A gentleman of Brenchley having shot a hen-swallow which was skimming in the air, accompanied by her mate, the enraged partner immediately flew at the fowler, and, as if to revenge the loss it had sustained, struck him in the face with its wing, and continued flying around him with every appearance of determined anger. For several weeks after the fatal shot, the bird continued to annoy the gentleman whenever it met with him, except on Sundays, when it did not recognize him, in consequence of his change of dress.

Question Corner.—No. 11.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

121. What man's hair was the means of his death?
122. What queen had a man put to death so that her husband might possess his vineyard?
123. What prophet was sent to reprove them?
124. What death did this queen die?
125. At what place were Elijah and Elisha last seen before they crossed the Jordan to the place from which Elijah was taken up into heaven?
126. What man beside Elijah was taken to heaven without dying?
127. To what tribe did Daniel belong?
128. What street, mentioned in the life of Paul, is shown at the present day?
129. What judge of Israel on retiring challenged the people to show an instance of his unjust judgment?
130. Where are we told, "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head and honor the face of the old man"?
131. What man in the Old Testament at the age of eighty-five claimed that he was as vigorous and as fit for war as he was forty-five years before?
132. Which was the largest of the twelve tribes when they were numbered in the desert and how many men able for war did it contain?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 9.

97. Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace. Isaiah ix. 6.
98. Mount Nebo. It is situated in the tribe of Reuben, near the head of the Dead Sea.
99. Acre. Mount Carmel.
100. The trial between Elijah and the prophets of Baal to show which worshipped the true God. 1 Kings xviii. 17, 40.
101. On Mount Moriah. 2 Chron. iii. 1.
102. God commanded Abraham to go there to offer up his son Isaac. Gen. xxii. 2.
103. On mount Horeb. Ex. iii. 1, 2.
104. Abib (March-April). Deut. xvi. 1.
105. To Thomas. John xx. 26, 29.
106. To the eleven apostles on a mountain in Galilee after his resurrection. Matt. xxviii. 1, 20.
107. James. 1 Cor. xv. 7.
108. Jonathan. 1 Sam. xiv. 1, 14.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 9.—Annie M. Pattison, 10; Carrie S. Hatfield, 10; Sarah Pattison, 10.

To No. 8.—W. W. Alexander, 12 ac; Lizzie Colhoun, 12; Edward B. Craig, 12; James R. Smith, 12; Andrew Paterson, 12; John Barbrick, 12; Ada E. Ruttan, 12; Emma J. St. John, 12; Maud Armstrong, 12; Annie M. Pattison, 11; Janet Pattison, 11; Sarah E. Pattison, 11; Louie Lloyd, 11 ac; Carrie Hatfield, 11; Thomas S. Telfer, 11; Frederick J. Priest, 11; Alexandra Dickie, 11; Agnes Murdoch, 11; W. A. Piper, 10; Herbert Davidson, 10; Minnie Fotheringham, 10; Maggie A. McLeod, 6; Harriet Maud Orr, 5; Willie Orr, 1.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1881, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON X.

JUNE 5.] [About 28 A. D.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

Luke 23 : 33-46.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 44-46.

33. And when they were come to the place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand, and the other on the left.

34. Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do. And they parted his raiment, and cast lots.

35. And the people stood beholding. And the rulers also with them derided him, saying, He saved others; let him save himself, if he be Christ, the chosen of God.

36. And the soldiers also mocked him, coming to him, and offering him vinegar.

37. And saying, If thou be the king of the Jews, save thyself.

38. And a superscription also was written over him in letters of Greek and Latin, and Hebrew. THIS IS THE KING OF THE JEWS.

39. And one of the malefactors which were hanged railed on him, saying, If thou be Christ, save thyself and us.

40. But the other answering rebuked him, saying, Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation?

41. And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds; but this man hath done nothing amiss.

42. And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.

43. And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise.

44. And it was about the sixth hour, and there was a darkness over all the earth until the ninth hour.

45. And the sun was darkened, and the veil of the temple was rent in the midst.

46. And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, he said, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit: and having said thus, he gave up the ghost.

GOLDEN TEXT.—And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.—JOHN 12 : 32.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Christ died that we might live.

HISTORICAL CONNECTION.—After speaking the parable of the last lesson Jesus made his entry into Jerusalem on Sunday. On Thursday evening of that week he ate the Passover with his disciples, Luke 22 : 19. After the supper he went with them to the garden of Gethsemane. There he was betrayed by Judas, Luke 22 : 48, apprehended, conducted back to Jerusalem, where he was tried, condemned and crucified, dying the next afternoon, Friday, at three o'clock. At his arrest he was first taken to Annas, John 18 : 13-15, then to the high priest Caiaphas, Matt 26 : 57, who founded the charge of blasphemy (a capital offence according to Jewish law) upon Christ's own avowal that he was the Son of God, verse 64. He was then taken to Pilate, the Roman governor, who alone had power to execute the sentence of death, and arraigned on the charge of sedition, Luke 23 : 2. Pilate sends him to Herod, Luke 23 : 7. In the meantime Judas committed suicide, Matt. 27 : 3-11, and Peter denied his Master. Herod returns Christ to Pilate, who after in vain endeavoring to quiet the fury of the populace, delivers him up to be crucified.

NOTES.—CRUCIFIXION, a mode of punishment in vogue among the Egyptians, Assyrians, Romans and other nations of antiquity, but not practised by the Jews. A Roman citizen was exempt, it being considered too base. It was abolished by Constantine, the first Christian emperor, 300 years after the death of our Lord. Ancient writers agree in representing death by crucifixion as the most horrid, cruel and painful known. "The unnatural position of the body made every movement painful; the lacerated veins and crushed tendons throbbed with incessant anguish; the wounds, inflamed by exposure gradually gangrened. There was added the intolerable pang of a burning and raging thirst. All these physical complications caused an internal excitement and anxiety which made the prospect of death itself bear the aspect of a delicious and exquisite release."—FARRAR, Life of Christ, vol. ii., p. 403. Not unfrequently the criminal lingered several days.—CROSS, its form varied between the three shapes: X T †. The first is known as the St. Andrew's Cross, because an apostle of that name, according to a tradition, met his death upon it. The third was probably the one used in the crucifixion of Jesus. It was also inflicted on a single stake without the cross piece, the body being supported by a pin placed so as to bear it. The spikes were driven through the hands which overlapped above the head, and the feet in the same way. The naked body was nailed to the cross before it was placed upright.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE IGNOMINY. (II.) THE POWER OF THE CROSS. (III.) DEATH ON THE CROSS.

I. IGNOMINY OF THE CROSS.—(33-38.) CALVARY, Latin word for skull. The Hebrew is Golgotha. It was outside the city, Heb. 13 : 12, and called so either because the place was round and bald like a skull, or because it was the usual place of execution; MALEFACTORS, robbers who perhaps had been accomplices with Barabbas in sedition; FATHER FORGIVE, the first of the seven utterances upon the cross; PARTED HIS RAIMENT, the body had been stripped. Many like the soldiers get the benefits of Christianity without getting Christ; VINEGAR, sour wine; SUPERSCRIPTION, those who were to be crucified carried a label with their crime or name on their breasts; GREEK, LATIN AND HEBREW, the languages of mental culture, imperial power and religion. "No tribute could have been more fitting, or more prophetic than an inscription which revealed unconsciously the relations of the cross to all the nationalities of the world."—GEIKIE, Life of Christ.

II. POWER OF THE CROSS.—(39-43.) THE OTHER, "surely Christ is set for the rising of one and the fall of another, the savor of life unto life for the one, and of death unto death for another."—Krummacher; WE INDEED JUSTLY, he had a true sense of guilt; NOTHING AMISS, the dying thief was the only one to take up Christ's cause.

III. DEATH UPON THE CROSS.—(44-46.) SIXTH HOUR, noon; DARKNESS, a star of light appeared at his birth, the sun is darkened at his death. "As creation itself had rejoiced at the coming of its Lord, so it bewailed his death."—Cyril; ALL THE EARTH, either Judea, or all the surrounding country; NINTH HOUR, three in the afternoon; GAVE UP THE GHOST, expired. Christ "died literally of a broken heart." The agony that uttered the cry may have caused a rupture of the heart.

APPLICATIONS SUGGESTED BY THE LESSON:

(1.) Whose sins did Christ suffer for on the cross? 1 John 2 : 2. (2.) Did any words of unkindness proceed from his lips? 1 Pet. 2 : 23. (3.) Did nature seem to be in sympathy with the mission of Jesus? (4.) Were the sufferings of Jesus entirely voluntary? John 10 : 17, 18.

THE CROSS of CHRIST BRINGS PARDON and PARADISE.

LESSON XI.

JUNE 12.] [About 28 A.D.

THE WALK TO EMMAUS.

Luke 24 : 13-32.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 25-27.

13. And, behold, two of them went that same day to a village called Emmaus, which was from Jerusalem about threescore furlongs.

14. And they talked together of all these things which had happened.

15. And it came to pass, that, while they communed together and reasoned, Jesus himself drew near, and went with them.

16. But their eyes were holden that they should not know him.

17. And he said unto them, What manner of communications are these that ye have one to another, as ye walk, and are sad?

18. And the one of them, whose name was Cleopas, answering said unto him, Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things which are come to pass there in these days?

19. And he said unto them, What things? And they said unto him, Concerning Jesus of Nazareth, which was a prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people:

20. And how the chief priests and our rulers delivered him to be condemned to death, and have crucified him.

21. But we trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel: and beside all this, to-day is the third day since these things were done.

22. Yea, and certain women also of our company made us astonished, which were early at the sepulchre:

23. And when they found not his body, they came, saying, that they had also seen a vision of angels, which said that he was alive.

24. And certain of them which were with us went to the sepulchre, and found it even so as the women had said: but him they saw not.

25. Then he said unto them, O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken:

26. Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory?

27. And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the scriptures the things concerning himself.

28. And they drew nigh unto the village, whither they went: and he made as though he would have gone further.

29. But they constrained him, saying, Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And he went in to tarry with them.

30. And it came to pass, as he sat at meat with them, he took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them.

31. And their eyes were opened, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight.

32. And they said one to another, Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the scriptures?

GOLDEN TEXT.—And they said one to another, Did not our hearts burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?—LUKE 24 : 32.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The risen Jesus solves the mysteries of providence.

HISTORICAL CONNECTION.—After our Lord's death, Joseph of Arimathea, a member of the Sanhedrin and a Christian, received permission from Pilate to take the body down from the cross. He laid it away in a new tomb, Luke 23 : 53. The Pharisees and chief priests recollecting Christ's predictions of his resurrection, took the precaution of guarding against a surreptitious removal of the body, and with Pilate's consent sealed the sepulchre and set a watch over it, Matt. 27 : 62-66. On the first day of the week Jesus rose from the dead. The women went early with spices to anoint the body, but it was not there. Simon Peter and John had also gone to the sepulchre and found it empty. The two disciples who were on their way to Emmaus had heard these reports, vs. 23, 24, but did not understand that he was risen.

NOTES.—APPEARANCES OF THE RISEN CHRIST. "Jesus shewed himself alive after his passion by many infallible proofs, being seen of them forty days," Acts 1 : 3. The fact of the resurrection is attested by most of the books of the New Testament, and appearances of Christ are detailed by the four Gospels, the Acts, and St. Paul in his first Epistle to the Corinthians. Eleven of these in all are recorded. They were made to (1.) Mary Magdalene, John 20 : 11-18; (2.) The other women, Matt. 28 : 9, 10; (3.) Peter, Luke 24 : 34; (4.) The two disciples on their way to Emmaus, Luke 24 : 13-33; (5.) The ten disciples, Luke 24 : 36-48; (6.) Thomas and the other disciples, John 20 : 26-29; (7.) James, I Cor. 15 : 7; (8.) On the shore of Lake Galilee, John 21; (9.) On a mountain in Galilee, Matt. 28 : 16-20. (10.) The five hundred, 1 Cor. 15 : 3-8; (11.) Before the Ascension, Luke 24 : 50-53. The disciples were discouraged by the crucifixion and did not fully believe predictions that Christ would rise again. It took much evidence to convince them that the appearance of Christ was not the appearance of a spirit, Luke 24 : 37; John 10 : 27.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) DISCOURAGED. (II.) INCREDULOUS. (III.) TAUGHT. (IV.) RECOGNIZING THE RISEN CHRIST.

DISCOURAGED.—(13-21.) SAME DAY, the first day of the week; EMMAUS, about eight miles from Jerusalem. Its exact site is unknown; ALL THESE THINGS, the trial, crucifixion, burial and alleged resurrection of Jesus; ART THOU ONLY A STRANGER, "Art thou the only stranger who," etc. The crucifixion was a matter of all-absorbing interest; PROPHET, a teacher as Nicodemus regarded him, John 3 : 2; REDEEMED ISRAEL, their minds were set on a visible dominion and emancipation of the Jewish people from the domination of the Roman empire; THIRD DAY, they had some faint recollection of Christ's oft repeated prediction that he would rise again the third day.

II. INCREDULOUS.—(22-24.) YEA, AND, However also. They had had some little glimmering of hope; CERTAIN WOMEN, Mary Magdalene and the others with her, v. 10; OUR COMPANY, the followers of Jesus; CERTAIN OF THEM, Peter and John, John 20 : 2; HIM THEY SAW NOT, this extinguished the hope which an open tomb aroused.

III. TAUGHT.—(25-27.) HIS GLORY, the glory of his triumph and kingdom; MOSES, the name of the writer stands for his five books; ALL THE PROPHETS, includes the Psalmists, historians and prophets who predicted Christ; EXPOUNDED, explained.

IV. RECOGNIZING THE RISEN CHRIST.—(28-32.) ABIDE WITH US, perhaps Emmaus was their home; TOOK BREAD, as when he fed the multitude, or partook of the passover; OPENED, perhaps they recognized the method, or perhaps saw the pierced hands; VANISHED, the body of Christ after his resurrection was susceptible of changes, such as do not belong to the natural body.

PRACTICAL QUESTIONS UPON THE LESSON:

(1.) Does the Old Testament predict a suffering Saviour? Is. 53. (2.) Why were the disciples so slow in believing it? Luke 24 : 21. (3.) How did Jesus predict his resurrection? Luke 18 : 33. (4.) What proofs did he give of his resurrection? Acts 1 : 3. (5.) Who hath brought life and immortality to light? 2 Tim. 1 : 10. (6.) Is Christ's life the pledge of our immortality? John 14 : 19.

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